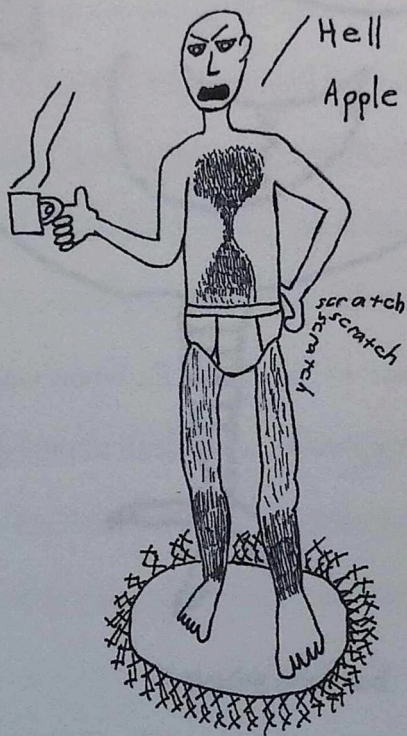


# Comics that suck

#1

Where the  
Hell is my  
Apple Butter?!

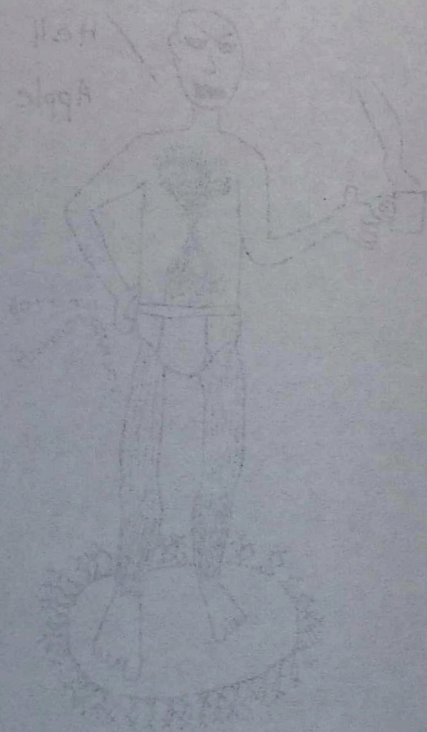


by Zach Kirschberg

# Comics that suck

#1

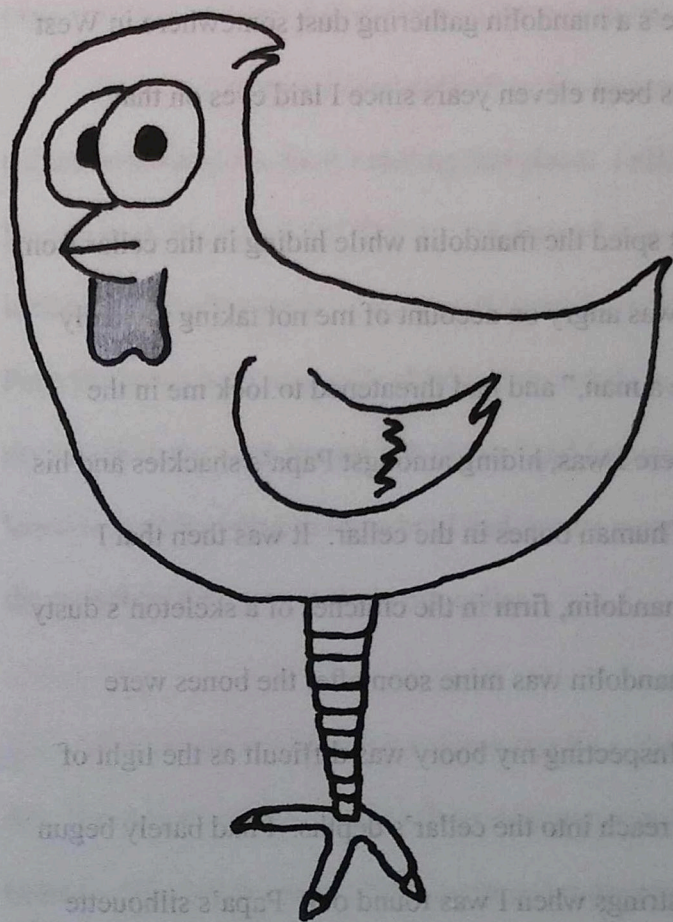
Where the  
Hell is my  
Apple burger?



by Zach Kinchberg



Why did the chicken cross the road?



You're adopted.

## The Mandolin

There's a mandolin gathering dust somewhere in West Virginia. It's been eleven years since I laid eyes on that mandolin.

I first spied the mandolin while hiding in the cellar from Papa. Papa was angry on account of me not taking my daily beating "like a man," and had threatened to lock me in the cellar. So, there I was, hiding amongst Papa's shackles and his collection of human bones in the cellar. It was then that I spotted the mandolin, firm in the clutches of a skeleton's dusty hand. The mandolin was mine soon after the bones were desecrated. Inspecting my booty was difficult as the light of day couldn't reach into the cellar's depths. I had barely begun to pluck the strings when I was found out. Papa's silhouette filled the doorway at the top of the stairs while his gruff voice launched abuses down to my ears. So, I was locked in the



cellar for the next three months. During my incarceration I experimented with the dulcet tones of the mandolin.

Upon my release Papa scolded me for hiding in the cellar, forbidding me from entering that place. I asked Father if I could keep the mandolin. For my insolence I was immediately locked in the cellar again. Five months later I apologized to Papa for being such an unruly child (all the while concealing my mandolin beneath the rat pelt cloak I had fashioned). I hated myself for lying to Papa but I had grown weary of playing the mandolin for the vermin in our cellar.

Big Adam hated seeing anyone else hit a child. One day, Big Adam stumbled across Papa administering my daily beating. Big Adam pushed Papa aside and proceeded to beat me into unconsciousness. Big Adam really hated seeing anyone else abuse a child.

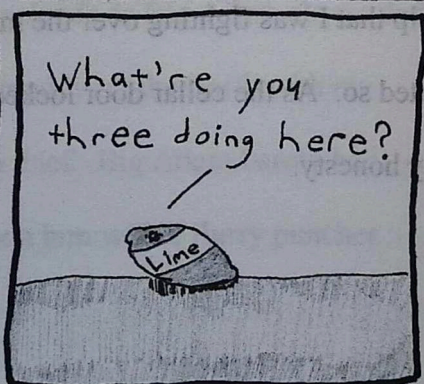
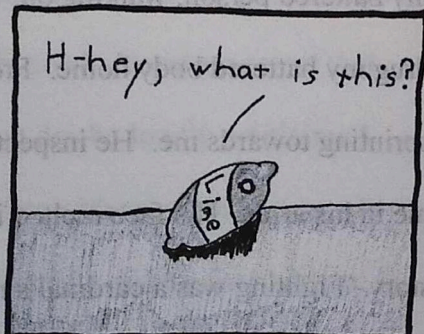
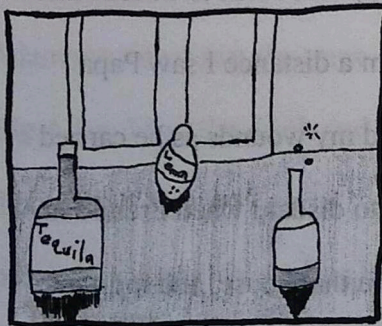
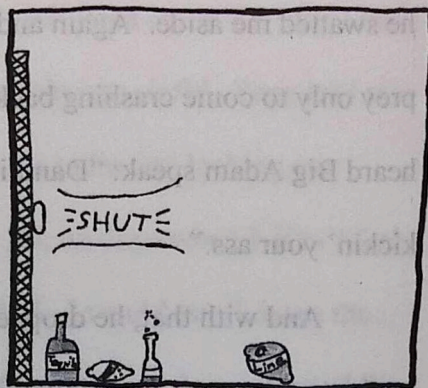
Much to my own regret, I couldn't tell Papa about the love I had for my mandolin. Papa felt that music was sinful. Papa told me so after he caught me listening to the radio and locking me away in the cellar for nine years. So, on days when I didn't feel like being thrown down into the dark, I would stroll down the dirt road playing that mandolin. One of these days I spotted Big Adam coming down the same dirt road. It was no secret that Big Adam liked the drink and that day he loudly proclaimed that he had "floated his ass," on Sean Murphy brand beer. As previously stated, Big Adam harbored a dislike for children. Before I knew it I was on my backside as Big Adam absconded with my mandolin. Instead of muddying the Earth with my tears I chased after the drunken thief. Big Adam barely had time to face me before I fell upon him with a flurry punches. My mandolin eluded my grasp as



he swatted me aside. Again and again I launched myself at my prey only to come crashing back down to the ground. Finally I heard Big Adam speak: "Damnit, boy. I can't spend all day kickin' your ass."

And with that, he dropped my precious mandolin upon my battered person, walking on. My feet seem to be lead as I drug my battered body home. From a distance I saw Papa sprinting towards me. He inspected my wounds as he carried me in his arms. His face melted into disdain when I retold my story. Fighting was a cardinal sin in that house, and it didn't help that I was fighting over the musical instrument that he hated so. As the cellar door locked, he told me he appreciated my honesty.







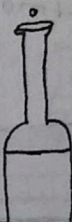
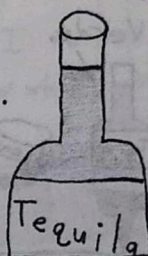
We're here  
for you.



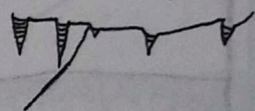
For me?  
... this isn't  
a party, is it?



This is no  
fiesta, Limón.



¡: This is an  
intervención.

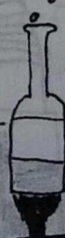


Intervención?

An intervention.

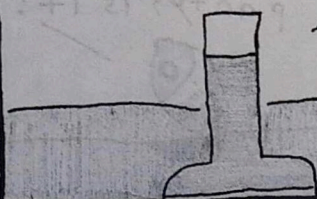


Sí, ¡sí! what I  
say.



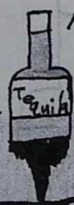


We think you  
have a problem, Limón.

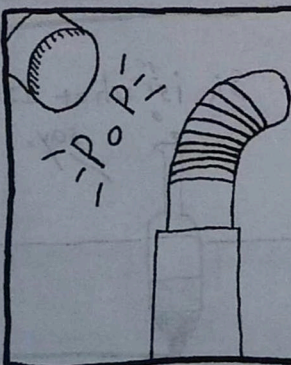


—What, me?

No, no,  
Limón Verde.



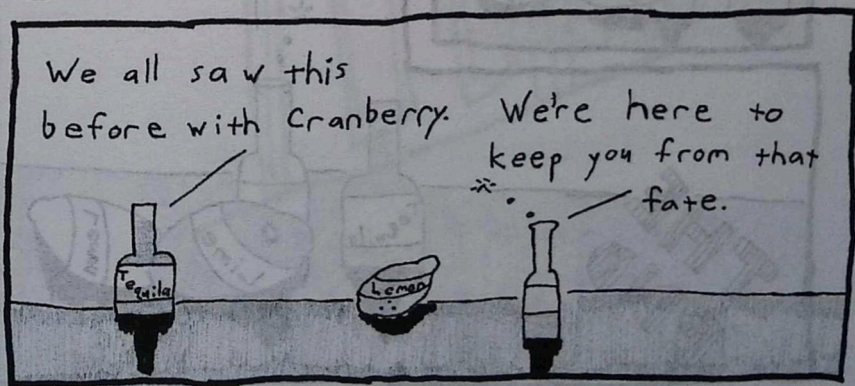
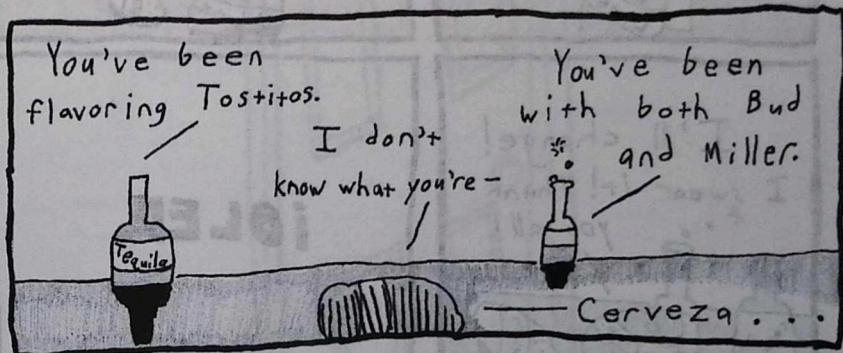
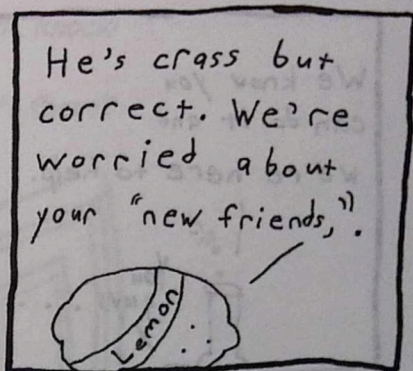
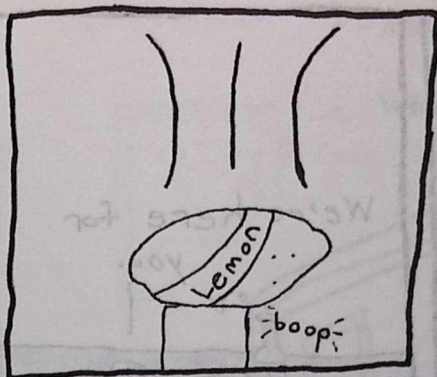
Oh, right.



Damn it, boy! You're  
partyin' with a bad crowd!  
Why can't you make  
a nutritious juice  
like Orange,  
you citrus shi-

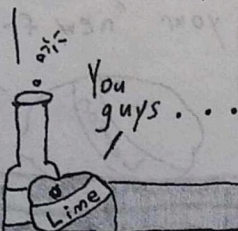








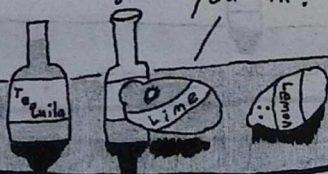
We know you  
can do it and  
we're here to help.



We're here for  
you.

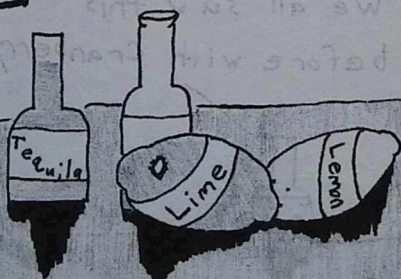


I'll change!  
I swear it! Thank  
you all!



**¡OLE!**

**THE  
END**





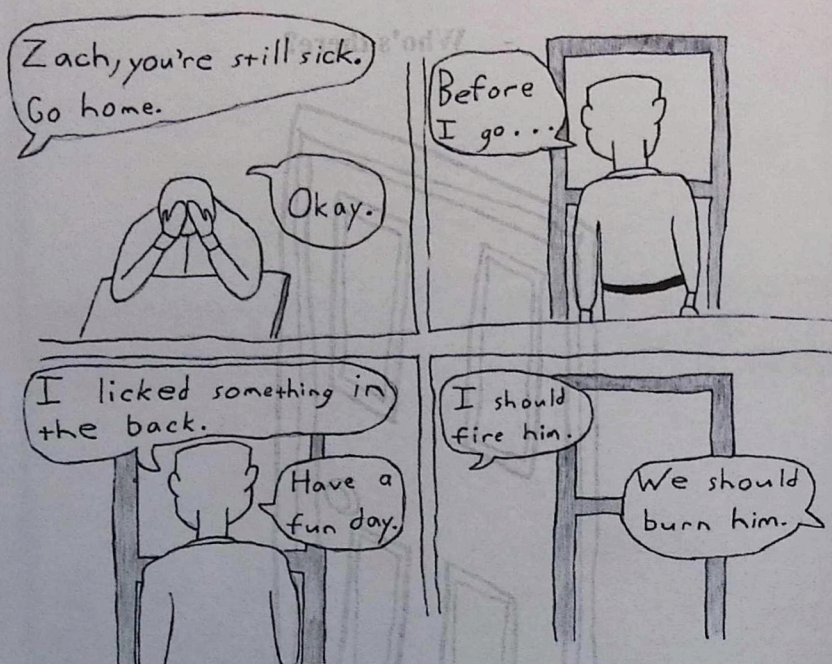
- *Knock, knock!*

- *Who's there?*



*You're still adopted.*

Feel as though your ocular orbs haven't suffered enough?



Well, check out

Charlatan Comics and Other Lies

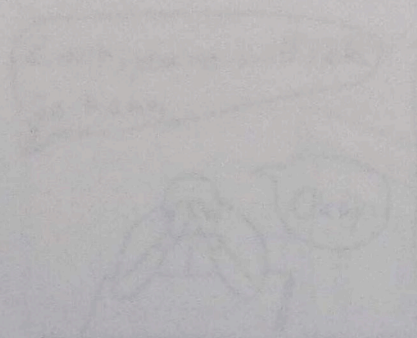
at

"charlatan.thewebcomic.com"

today!



Thanks for reading! ~ ZTk



I don't know what to do

July 2008  
for reading! ~ SK